

Taboo

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Taboo

I have contemplated uploading this for **_months. _****I finally just decided to upload it. This is what happens when you decide to write a Kouen x Oc fanfic at midnight and things take a turn you did not expect.**

Disclaimer: I do not own **_Magi: The Labyrinth of Magic._**

WARNING: THIS FANFICTION CONTAINS EXPLICIT SEXUAL CONTENT NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

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><p>"Some people bring out the worst in you, others bring out the best, and then there are those remarkably rare, addictive ones who just bring out the most. Of everything. They make you feel so alive that you'd follow them straight into hell, just to keep getting your fix."<p>

â€" _Karen Marie Moning_

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><p>Her hand hit Kouen square in the chest as she leans over the desk, her eyes filled with anger. "I cannot believeyou!"

The stoic man raised an eyebrow at her actions before turning his attention back to the paperwork littering the desk, pulling out the chair so that he could take a seat. There was absolutely no way that she was returning to Rakushou with them, not after Kouen's rudeness

towards Sinbad.

"I hate that palace," Nadia shouts, slamming her hands on his desk in frustration and rage. Before she can stop herself, she swipes her arm across the deskâ€” effectively clearing it of its contents. She turns to face him as he steps around the side of said desk, glaring at her with those red eyes, their difference in height meaningless in this instance as she glares back up at him. "I hate all the paperwork. I hate the formalities. I hate you!"

Kouen's fingers wrap forcefully around her wrist and he yanks her into him, pinning her against his broad chest. He crushes his lips onto her's and locks his arms securely around her waist. She claws at him, trying feebly to struggle out of his grip. She subconsciously knows that her struggling is pointlessâ€” Kouen isn't going to let go and Nadia honestly doesn't want him to.

His kisses are hungry and possessive and she doesn't think she could ever have enough of them. She wants to slow down; she wants to take her time and memorize everything she can about Kouen and the way he moves and the way his skin looks and the faces he makes. But they just don't have enough time. And they're both willing to take whatever they can get.

She digs her nails into the skin at the back of his neck and he hisses from the sting. He takes a bite at her collarbone in response. He pulls her up into his arms and she instinctively wraps her legs around his waist, pulling his body closer. Kouen leans forward, pushing her back none-too-gently into the wall behind her. Their lips meet again, and his tongue presses into her mouth, and it's all she can do to try and breathe properly.

He gathers the fabric of her tunic and pushes it up to her waist, holding it there. His fingers wrap around the outer edges of her thighs. He starts to grind his hips into Nadia's and the friction is tantalizing.

"Kouen," She whines, the desperation in her own voice shocking her.

He makes a growling noise and peels her off of the wall. With her legs still wrapped around his narrow hips, his lips press into her throat as he carries her across the room. He leaves a trail of kisses from her jaw to her left shoulder before setting her down on his desk. Without pause, he tugs her tunic up over her head and she lifts her arms to aid him. He then steps forward between her knees and leans over her, kissing Nadia fiercely on the lips and forcing her onto her back.

Kouen pulls back to untie the sash binding his robes together. She props herself on her elbows and watches as skin and toned muscles come into view. With his robes on the ground, he proceeds to tug the cloth she'd used to bind her chest away, tossing it needlessly behind him before cupping her breasts in his large hands.

Nadia bites back a moan, shivering as Kouen kisses his way down her chest until his lips reach her left nipple. He flicks his tongue over the flesh, making her writhe under him. She's not aware of his wandering hand until she feels it between her thighs. He rubs her through the fabric, and one of her elbows slip out from under her,

causing her to fall back against the desk again with a small thump.

"You don't know what you do to me, Nadia," Kouen says, tugging away the rest of her pesky articles of clothing with ease, leaving her bare beneath him.

"I think I have an idea," She replies softly, a small smirk of a smile playing on her lips.

Kouen's eyes darken and he grabs her roughly by the hips and pulls her closer to the edge of the desk. He leans forward and she wraps her legs around his waist again.

Kouen kisses Nadia hard on the lips as he drives himself into her—the force of it causes her to cry out, and Kouen shudders as his grip on her hips tightens a fraction. She locks her ankles over his back as he starts to move against her.

It doesn't get any more taboo than this, she thinks. Nadia is the younger sister of Sinbad and Kouen is the first imperial prince of an enemy nation, who may or may not be betrothed. There is probably a law against this in both countries. Maybe even several.

Kouen doesn't seem to care. He just moves harder and faster against her, until his thrusts have become shocks of passion and lust. Nadia can't help the moans spilling out of her mouth and all she can focus on is how hot his skin seems to be beneath her fingertips. She can feel the heat radiating off of his body and it almost seems as if she's going to melt beneath him.

It doesn't take long until she's whimpering and panting and flames of pleasure are licking her inner thighs and tearing through every nerve in her body. "_Kouen!"_

His left hand closes on her outer thigh with bruising force as he comes apart. He groans her name in her ear and she's sure that the sound of it that will be forever seared into her memory.

For several moments, the only noises in the room are their attempts to catch their breath, and her face is flushed and he's looking at her—her tanned skin, her golden eyes, her dark purple hair that seems far darker than her brother's. This should never have occurred, but in this moment neither of them could care any less.

"What now," Nadia asks, her voice a soft whisper as she props herself up on an elbow and rakes her other hand through her damp bangs. "There's probably a law against this—"

"There is," He says blankly, locking eyes with her as she looks up at him. "There's three laws concerning it in the Kou Empire, and there's one law in Sindria. All, of course, only concerning intercourse between other royalty—" and the fact that they're from enemy nations is also a large factor."

"Right. You guys keep concubines there," She says, laying back down against the desk, vaguely aware that Kouen is still pressed against her. A soft laugh leaves her lips as she gently shakes her head. "Well, _I'm _not going to be a concubine."

"I wouldn't want you to be," He mumbles as his eyes narrow, rubbing the back of his hand against the smooth skin of her stomach.

"I feel complimented," She says, raising an eyebrow at his hand.

"You should."

She pushes his shoulder, a laugh escaping her as a smile plays on her lips. "You're so full of yourself," Her smile falters a bit, and he knows that she's thinking about what Sinbad would say. The hand comes up from her stomach and gently taps the side of her jaw, causing her to turn her head in confusion to look back up at him again.

She's mildly shocked when Kouen kisses her, a deep and passionate kiss that she returns after a moment of stunned silence, her arms draping themselves over his shoulders as she feels one of his hands tighten on her hip and the other drift to rest on her ribcage. Nadia's breathless when they pull apart, and she's glancing up at him through hooded eyes, but Kouen looks as composed as ever.

"Kouen," She starts, before her voice drifts off.

"Nadia," He says with a slight smirk, watching as her cheeks turn a bit pink.

"Kouen," She says again, and she's messing with the hand that was resting on her ribcage seconds before. "People in Sindria are going to think that you took advantage of me. And people in Kou are going to think that I seduced you or somethingâ€" She's trying to laugh it off, but her voice breaks a little at the end and he feels his chest tighten.

"It'll be fine."

"Promise," Her voice is demanding and he's reminded again that she's from Sindria, because there's no way any woman from the Kou Empire would use that tone with him.

He exhales, leaning forward and pushing away her bangs before planting a soft kiss on her forehead. "Promise."

He can feel her smile when she sits up, putting her arms around his shoulders and tilting her head back so that she can look up at him. "Well," She says, her nails digging into his shoulders. "I say that if there's a chance we'll get in trouble for this, we should make sure that it's worth it."

Kouen smirks before pushing his cock back into her already wet core, eliciting a surprised gasp from the princess. Her eyes are hooded and her head's resting in the crook of his neck, glancing between their bodiesâ€" Kouen was rather large, huge by Kou standards; she was somewhat thankful that this wasn't their first time doing this together.

"Kouen," Her voice is shaking as she tries to push him further into her, using her legs that were draped around his waist to apply force. "Pleaseâ€" She arches into him when he thrusts deeply into her before pulling out and slamming back in.

Nadia's three-month-stay in Kou had been rather boring when Kouen wasn't around, and the first time this had happened had been around halfway through her second month within the palace. The amount of sexual tension between the pair was unrealistic, and the fact that they shouldn't be together in _any _sense seemed to heighten it tenfold.

It was an unspoken attraction, perfectly consensual and perfectly imperfect.

End
file.